

water is heaven.

# DRECK

magazine

quarterly

Volume two  
spring 2006  
free and fabulous

grab your grog and hop aboard!

NC-17  
NO ONE 17 AND UNDER ADMITTED



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front cover image "PornIPirate"  
by K8 Madden

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**DRECK** magazine is published quarterly by Tony le Tigre and contains an implementation of the LSD Algorithm. This issue of DRECK is rated **NC17** for nudity, intravenous drug use, strong language, violence, anal oral vaginal and nasal intercourse, bestiality, Christianity-bashing, necrophilia, transsexuality, satanism, terrorism, cannibalism, sick humor, perversion, avian flu, rubella, and general bad taste. You may deliver comments, content submissions or advertising rate requests to [dedril@hotmail.com](mailto:dedril@hotmail.com). Then again, you may not.



◀ "Assimilated" by Paul Sochacki

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## RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MESS



TONY LE TIGRE  
must be stopped



ST. CAEDMON  
only dates celebrities



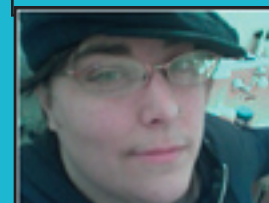
DAMIEN  
is a closet Narcissist,  
and took this picture  
himself.



SOPHIE BENNETT  
measures happiness in  
pairs of shoes



EVAN DUMAS  
is building a flying machine.  
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KINSEY OLEMAN  
lives in a giant slice of  
lemon meringue pie  
fashioned into a house



B.T.  
Is a robot who likes  
robots. "He" runs  
the popular website  
[www.robopocalypse.com](http://www.robopocalypse.com)



CHARLIE VAZQUEZ  
aka Spittles the  
Clown, has chosen,  
sadly, to forsake  
Portland for NYC.  
But he'll be back.



MATT WEATHERMAN  
was raised by  
lesbians.



KAREN MINNIS  
does not write for  
this magazine. And  
she has crabs.



AQUAPHILIA

One day I'll do it too  
Take the plunge at last  
Surrendering the future,  
Relinquishing the past

No need to take a breath  
Wearing only skin  
Back into the element  
Where everything begins

-Anthony Lockwood



THE EVOLUTION OF *Tony Le Tigre*

A pictorial history of the DRECK creator



Tony at two years old, as a white trash toddler. Taken May of 1978 in Hutchinson, Minnesota. Hot dogs, purple jello and snow-white hair.



Seattle, WA, 1999. The signs of depravity had not yet manifested themselves.



Early 2005 in Portland, Oregon. Clearly, years of prostitution, psychedelic recreation, and clandestine chemical experimentation have taken their toll.

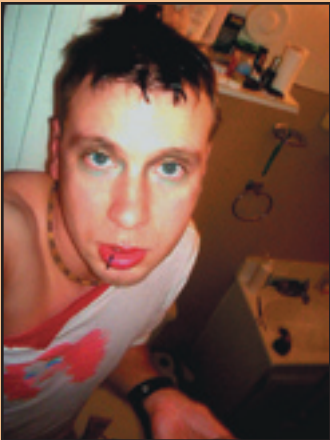
WHAT WENT WRONG....AND WHEN?



Summer 2005 in the Pride Parade (Portland), consorting with transvestites and street vermin. Good God, that DRESS...

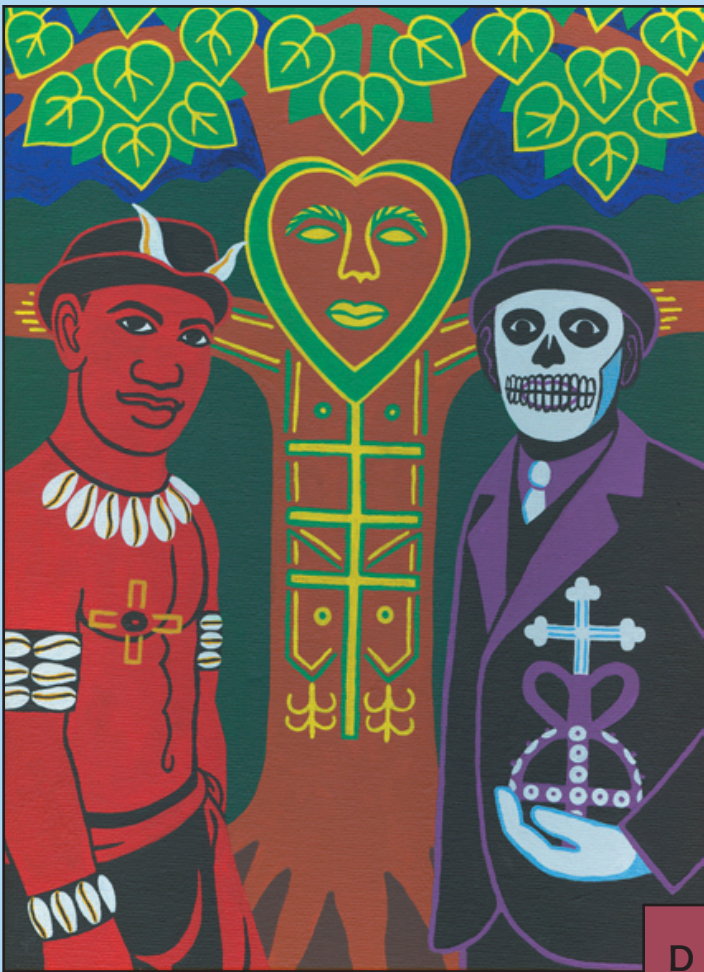


Winter 2005, around the time of the inception of DRECK Magazine. The results of Rogaine were astounding.



A week ago. Tony's attempts to create a human-animal hybrid (in defiance of George W. Bush) may yet bear fruit.





Left: "MAGICK FOREST" by Damien S.



Above: Dreck Buttons for sale!

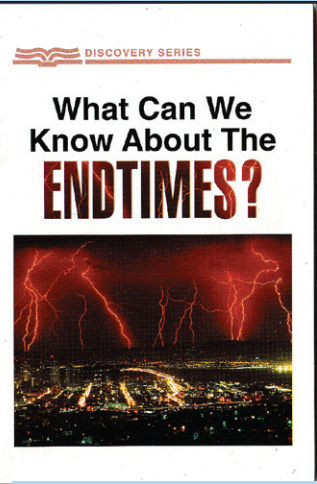
**Karen Minni; Ha; Crab;**  
**I \*Heart\* Abortion**  
**Third Sex**  
**DRECK**  
**Freedom From Religion**

To order email [tonyletigre1@yahoo.com](mailto:tonyletigre1@yahoo.com)

## DIVINE PENETRATION



"Blessed are the Meek; for they shall take all ten inches."



Left: I was riding on the #6 bus in Northeast Portland and happened across this book someone must have left behind. I know I should have turned it in to Trimet's Lost & Found, but I found it to be a real page-turner. I haven't read such an entertaining work of fiction in a long time. But the guilt is getting to me now, so if anyone lost this book, or knows who it belongs to, please contact me so I can return it to its rightful owner.

TonyLT



UNTITLED

by Kinsey Oleman

## WATER

You are not  
 water  
 which I must admit  
 at first  
 was a bit disappointing  
 I **am** thirsty  
 but **your** skin is hot and sweet  
 you  
 are not water

You mistake my passion for need  
 and I do admit  
 at first I came on  
 like a desert vagabond  
 and your words smelled like a cool  
 oasis  
 you are not water  
 you were a decadent bite  
 of smooth chocolate ganache

the silky kind that makes you take a seat  
 a gorgeously delectable morsel  
 melting exquisitely on my tongue  
 sending shivers up my spine  
 every bite  
 going straight to my ass  
 and  
 I moan with the pleasure of it  
 but  
 you need to get over yourself  
 cause I am thirsty  
 and you  
 are not  
 water

-Kinsey Oleman





black man, Japan

I want you like a black man in Japan  
wrap rowdy thighs around my inner mind

a scene of banal electric shocks  
watching clocks while they gather cocks

fantasy.  
when their (venerated) vital fluids  
turn to the dust of elephant bones  
will you embrace me still, despite my quills  
and boycott ivory?

phantasmagoria  
you like unsubtitled  
experimental Japanese film  
incontrovertible beauty  
but no comprehension of details  
(what does this infinite precariousness entail?)

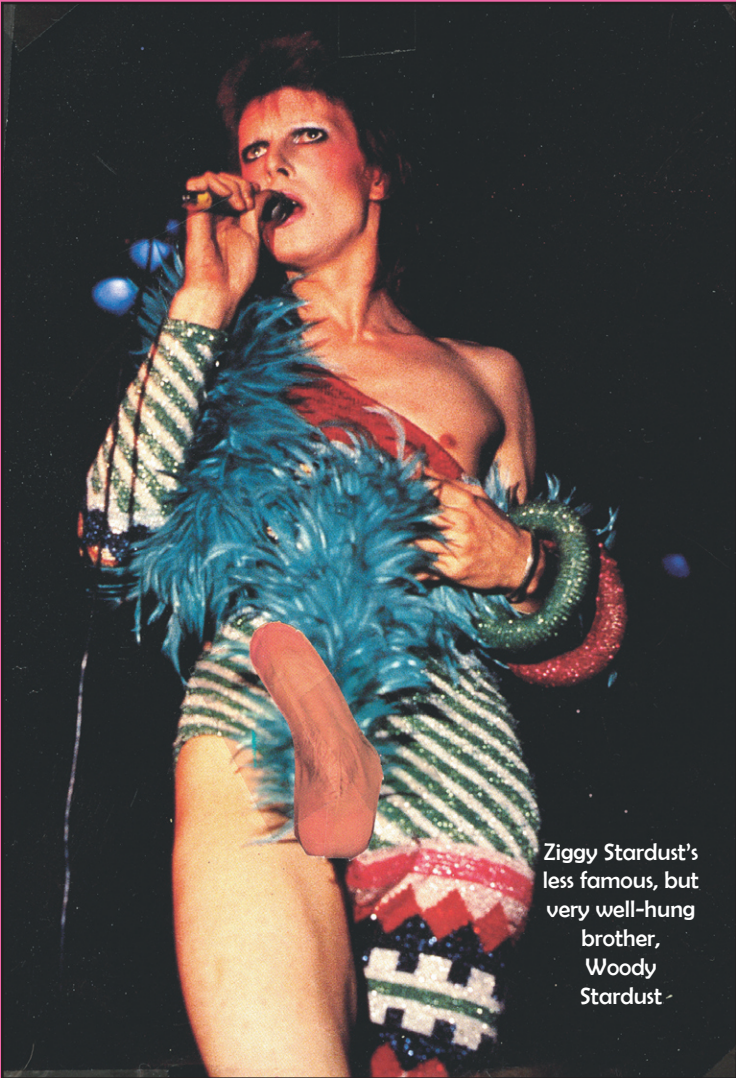
I want you like the slow sperm wants the egg  
can decry the water as dense  
truthful diagnosis: hindered  
by a convoluted neurosis

fastidious  
muscles contained, membranes and veins  
that don't hide away  
freckles and follicles, the  
details of skin is anecdote, memory  
two nipples, buds of profundity  
titillated by the interest in their existence

fanaticism.  
myth and cliché  
sculpt an ideal and decay  
(it or you)  
I want you like Japan  
but in vain

-kevin langson

I can't watch **LABYRINTH** any more because every time I see it, all I can think of is David Bowie's big cock, scarcely contained within those tight white pants. And I watch watch movies like that - or **THE DARK CRYSTAL**, or **THE NEVERENDING STORY** - to escape sexuality, not indulge in it.



Ziggy Stardust's  
less famous, but  
very well-hung  
brother,  
Woody  
Stardust



"GEISHA SLING" by Mike Kabler

MY MEDIOCRE  
WORK DAY

by dan dulmann

My job is important: I  
move numbers around and  
sometimes pieces of paper  
with numbers on them. I'm  
very good at what I do.  
I'm very comfortable with  
numbers. I'm comfortable  
working in a very large  
machine. I know it's a  
big machine because I  
can't see any windows  
from where I am, but I  
hear people talking about  
them sometimes. When I  
want to leave my work,  
at 5:00 p.m., I have to  
go upstairs to get to the  
ground level. The machine  
is large. This machine  
is so big it has  
bridges inside the  
atrium, and I thought  
bridges were for the  
outside.

Sometimes, only when I have enough time left on my break, I ride down the escalators that have sunlight so I can pretend what it's like to be outside. There's another escalator in the back that has a small breeze when I'm on it. I like to go down this escalator and think I'm in a field somewhere. I trick myself into thinking the breeze is wind and the random elevator dings are bird songs.



# \*STAR DUST\*

Your source for candid snapshots of the hottest local celebrities **UNCENSORED!**



The dance floor at Sissyboy's Blue Ball, Holocene, January 18th, 2006



Blue Plastic Cowboy & St. Caedmon at the Blue Ball



Frances Firecrotch @ the Blue Ball, skirt askew



One of Santa's Elves locked arm-in-arm with Linah Cocaine (Blue Ball)



Madame Bouffant & co. @ the Ball



City Commissioner Sam Adams with Evan Dumas @ the QuArt V-Day Reception (Stumptown)



Unidentified revellers at a "Crazy Hair"-themed party in Southeast (2-10-06)



Melanie McVean & Tony le Tigre at the Crazy Hair House Party (2-10-06)



Playing Sexually Suggestive Jenga at QuArt's "Kissing Party," February 11th, 2006



Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me





September of 2005, artists began conspiring...

**MISSION:** QuArt Pdx works locally to foster a sense of community among creative, socially conscious queer and queer friendly individuals by showing emerging and established artists, inspiring collaborations, supporting non-profit organizations, and queer-friendly establishments, organizing community building events and encouraging sociopolitical awareness.

**WWW.QUARTPDX.COM**

Showing at local venues and events:

WILDCARD Queer Review  
Stumptown  
The Tin Shed  
Fuel Café  
The Cup and Saucer  
Bread and Ink Café

QuArt Pdx has open meetings the first Sunday of every month and welcomes artists of all genders and sexual orientations. QuArt Pdx is excited to continue building bridges between the queer communities and be a vehicle for diverse creative connections.

# Serenity Squat

by Damien Snakebones

Arrived in New York City in a blue van named Hose Head with eleven other crusties and three dogs. I spent the next week hanging around the Lower East Side, although I have heard a lot of debate as to whether the area surrounding Tompkins Square Park is the Lower East Side or the East Village. Punks insist that it is the former and they swarm the neighborhood. They tended to congregate on Avenue A at St. Mark's Place. I was reunited with friends and acquaintances that I met and partied with around the country, over the last two years. I met almost as many more. More than half of them saw me in New Orleans a few months back at Mardi Gras. I often wandered alone-as far west as Greenwich Village and as far south as Chinatown.

When punks are in New York, they don't seem to go very far from this particular spot. We spent much of our time in La Plaza, a tiny park of crumbling concrete that reminds me of a miniature ancient Greek stadium. Looks like it was once a basketball court with stone step benches. When the chain-link fences weren't locked shut we'd sleep there at night. A couple of times, we woke up under the trees to a Saturday morning swap-meet in full swing. The squatters that lived nearby called us "summer campers" with derision, although a few of them were from somewhere else themselves. "Fuckin' immigrants," I would respond under my breath. How politically-incorrect of me...

In little time I scanned and scoped ways to make money-in order to do the famous New York dope I've heard so much about. I planned to keep it under control. The last thing I wanted to do was get strung-out. The heroin was white powder and came in little wax envelopes; it was labeled with small rubber-stamp prints of child-like pictures that had names like "black cat" and "top hat" and "cobra". These were heat-sealed in tiny plastic sleeve-style baggies. On the West Coast, a chunk of black tar is saran-wrapped in a tied-up balloon. The "high" of New York heroin is everything they say it is and you can shoot up on the sidewalk if you keep a good lookout.

Meanwhile, there were riot cops and a tank on 13th Street trying to evict squatters from their home. The squatters threw old, hard bagels at the uniformed humanoids below-from the rooftop.

I ran into Corey, a pseudo-crust punk guitarist I'd met when I first moved to





Spittles,

Lately I've been ejaculating rubber band-like strands of semen when I masturbate, in all sorts of colors. They're handy. They're actually stronger than store-bought rubber bands and come in a great vomit-green hue with swirls of dark yellow. The problem is—they're just one big strand. They aren't connected at the ends and this is very inconvenient. Do you have any suggestions? Oh yes, and balloon-like pouches are coming out the poop-chute. Is it possible that my body is producing rubber?

Laquanda

Dear Laquanda (may you "roast" in peace),

If you read this, see a specialist immediately! The genetic condition you've developed is a lethal disease common to sodomites of your obvious inclination. The reason for your rubber band-like strands of semen is—(drum roll...)—dehydration, you alcoholic! I remember something from my pasty-faced adolescence that somewhat mirrors your experience. I'd brought myself to mystical orgasm in a dehydrated state—which was rather common in my hazy adolescence. And out "came" a long single strand of white goo. Sound familiar?

During cleanup, I pulled on it and it continued to draw out from my urethra like string. It felt REALLY good. I haven't been able to repeat this, so I envy you—kind of anyway. What I don't envy are the colors you say you're seeing in your festering "spooge"—that's a really bad sign.

You have acute testicular cellular degeneration (caused by viridians streptococci) combined with prostatic cathexis (libidinal opportunist parasitism) and I doubt you'll live long enough to read this reply. We'll pray to Lucifer that you either committed suicide or were killed in a bar-brawl—since you brilliantly admitted the extent of your alcoholism. The balloon-like pouches falling out of your money maker are female condoms....ugh!

Have a question you're afraid to ask anyone else?

# ASK SPITTLES!

featuring SPITTLES the PUnk Rock CLoWn

Hey kids! I'm in Gotham right now—needed a break from the mountains, cocaine and mold. But don't cry—I'll be back someday. I know that you're terribly upset by my sudden departure, but things aren't going so well for me here in the Big Apple. I've been kicked out of two clown schools (for sexually harassing mimes) and can't seem to keep solid work down anymore than a bulimic can savor a pistachio ice cream cone—hey, that's not funny!

"RUBBER BANDS"  
by lukia costello



FUCK THIS! I'M TIRED OF BEING CONSTANTLY BERATED BY THAT DICK, JEREMY. HELP ME CHARLES ATLAS! TEACH ME ART SNOBBERY WITH YOUR FREE BOOK! THAT WAS EASY! I'LL SHOW THAT JEREMY WHOSE WORK IS DATED NOW!

HEY JEREMY, SUCK ON MY EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF OBSCURE ART!

OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL ARTISTE, AFTER ALL... WHAT A MAN! AND HE USED TO BE SO PASSÉ!

**I Can Make YOU an Art Snob, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!**

**CHARLES ATLAS**  
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Pretentious Artist."

**PEOPLE** used to laugh at me when I would bring up my love of Thomas Kinkade at parties. I was ashamed to have my work critiqued by more "knowledgeable artists". Send for my -- FREE -- art system, "Taking the Art World by Storm". It made me such a complete asshole that I hold the title, "The World's Most Pretentious Artist."

**What's My Secret?**

When you look in the mirror and see a smarmy, pale, fellow smirking back at you -- then you'll be astonished at how fast "Art Snobbery" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room -- JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your modesty quickly disappear and your ego begin to swell... those obscure references will begin to bulge... you'll realize that your portfolio is far more "alive" than anyone else's. Thousands are becoming artistic assholes -- my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Art Snobbery" you simply utilize the dormant douchebaggery in your own body -- watch your social life suffer -- all for the sake of being a "REAL ARTIST."

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  - Evil Ruler of the Unknown Universe
  - sloth
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  - uneasy
  - deaf old man
  - frog
  - super mario schoolchild
  - taunting
  - reserved
  - boring

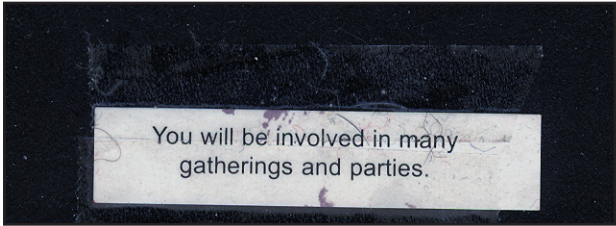


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PLEASE HELP  
I AM TRULY STRANDED  
AND DONT DO THIS  
FOR A LIVING  
God Bless

Spittles,

*I'm a fag facing a midlife crisis and I have a problem. I've been in a "fellationship" for over four years with a guy twelve years my junior and I'm tired of it AND the sex. I just have no interest! Is this because he's an ungrateful, spoiled brat that doesn't appreciate the fact that I've supported him for the past year or so? Or is it that I've reached an age where sex is no longer interesting? With the constant bitching and misery, all I want to do is go away—far away and be all alone by my bitter self.*

"A.I."

Dearest Alien Intelligence,

You're concerned about your lack of sexual enthusiasm and this underscores two crucial aspects of your "fellationship". Firstly, the older/younger queer "shack-up" goes back to the dimmest twilit days of humanoid history. One of my heroes, the beloved Caravaggio, bedded an Italian teenage boy and then went on to depict him as a nude St. John the Baptist hugging a ram—for money! Talk about a Satanist with great taste! What he got was obvious—inspiration from youth to execute vulgar art that earned him a living as well as the opportunity to lampoon the Catholic Church by the most lasting means known to man—through ART. Is your boy-toy a kind of muse you should be looking at through different lenses?

My second concern: you say that you've more or less (emphasis on "more") supported him. Why is that? What do you still like about him? Can you not bear to let him go? I've had sex with men way past midlife (I once did Santa Claus just to see what it would be like) and I assure you that your newfound "lack of interest" has nothing to do with age. Lesbian crib death is real—and not just for lesbians. I suspect that the infrequency of sex is a symptom of deeper, underlying issues: his economic dependence, your growing resentment and as you say your "constant bitching and misery". Y'all either need time apart to reevaluate your "fellationship" or you need to investigate parasitic detoxification techniques.

Spittles,

*I've got a bit of a problem. Whenever I find a new boyfriend or fuck-buddy, I want to show him off to my friends - and I don't mean bringing him to dinner parties! I lick his balls while my friends watch. I spread his ass-cheeks and say, "Look everybody, look at my boy's asshole!" It's gotten so bad that I don't stay friends with anyone who hasn't seen me cum all over some cute boy. I've been thrown out of clubs, dinner parties—even my brother's bachelor party. What do I do?*

Exhibitionist Existentialism in Exeter

Dearest Triple E,

Your specific condition is a hyper-narcissistic disorder fueled by anatomical inadequacies rooted in your faulty childhood nutrition. Blame your mother for this—plus, she's the reason you're a fag! Nothing makes sense to you because of your sex obsession. You're so far along the train tracks of testosterone enthrallment that there's no turning back. You are une intoxiquée sexuelle—as the French would say—a sex addict. In France that's just a synonym for being French—but in America it means you can't keep your dick at bay—whatsoever. I suspect that you won't be satisfied until someone attacks your penis—during one of your show-off sessions—and breaks the erectile tissue to irreparable horror. Tar and feathers and Japanese fingernail torture for you! Considering the awful



things done to Oscar Wilde for having sex with guys in private, you deserve worse. You're simply awful...you made the clown blush!

I love you all! Watch for me on television soon...and keep those pits stinky!

xoxo

Spittles Dionysus



# PEOPLE WILL TALK...

and they'll say the damndest things!

Real People!  
Real Quotes!

“I wish Portland would flood so we could go to Wal-Mart.” (Christy Ramshackle)

“Your thesis is like a baby and you’re its mother. The problem is it’s an ugly baby and no one wants to see it but you.” (Dana Meade)

“Media is welfare for the Middle Class.” (Colson Whitehead)

“Everybody knows Big Bird is a big fruitcake.” (Tony le Tigre)

“It’s the inscrutable ones that are the most crushable. People like not being able to scrute other people.” (“Tuck”)

“The more pot I smoke, the more you look like Elves.” (Trillium, stoned)

“Dude, you have no idea. I’ve been told I’m the best drunk person ever.” (Rachel on 2/18/06, drunk, at the Melcliff Court Apartments)

“REAL MEN SUCK DICK.”  
(Graffiti in one of the Men’s Restrooms on the Evergreen State College Campus, years ago. Written in lipstick, no less)

“Did I tell you my art teacher has a hook for a hand? He lost it in some tragic cardboard box machine accident.” (Sophie Bennett)

“You Can’t Tie a Dead Dog to an Old Tree and Expect it to Eat Bacon.” (Dylan Benedict)

“I’m a bohemian artist type. We’re allowed to be slovenly in the name of Art.”  
-Tony le Tigre



Above: A candid snapshot of the highly quotable Dylan Benedict



If you want to make mead, start saving your empty wine or liquor bottles now!

## RAMSHACKLE MEAD

RECIPE PROVIDED BY DYLAN BENEDICT

This is the recipe for a 5-gallon batch of mead. The basic ratio to keep in mind is 1 quart honey to 1 gallon of water, or 1:4 honey:water. You’ll need

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 5 qts. honey  | black tea                                 |
| 3 3/4 gallons water   | a goodly quantity of raisins              |
| two carboys or other large fermenting vessel with air lock* | 2 pkgs. wine yeast                        |
| two citrus fruits (lemon, lime, etc.)                       | many old wine bottles to use for bottling |
|   | a lot of patience                         |

### Directions

Heat 3 gallons of water to 150 degrees (do not boil!) Stir in 5 quarts honey until foam appears on top; skim the foam and wax off. Add remaining 3/4 gallon of cold water. In your plastic fermenting vessel or glass carboy put the squeezed juice of two citrus fruits and one peel. Add 4-5 handfuls of good-sized raisins, and a very strong steeping of black tea (say, 3 tea bags soaked in one glass for at least 15 minutes.) Then add 2 packages of wine yeast (there should be instructions on the package as well.)

Boil water, let cool to 110 degrees, sprinkle yeast on top. Sit 15 minutes, then stir well & pour on top of mead mixture. Put air lock on top of carboy. Set carboy in safe, quiet spot - not in direct sunlight, but not somewhere extremely cold either.

After a few weeks, it’s time for racking: Transfer the mead back to original boiling bucket or second carboy, leaving behind the fruit and scum. At this point you should just have one five gallon vessel of mead with no sediment.

This is where the patience comes in. Mead needs to sit about a full year before ready to bottle and consume. Don’t plan to drink it by next weekend.

\*The kind folks at STEINBART (234 SE 12th, across from 3 Friends) will be happy to assist you herewith



seen before), the resolution was blurry and two-dimensional; it made my art-dick limp. I thought that instead of playing with myself and drawing all night, I should perhaps endeavor to have an actual human to look at; you know—reality. Maybe I didn't want to see after all; it's kind of scary when you spend day after day sharing banalities with strangers and reading magazines to have depth. I felt a certain fear of going deeper and I thought that many of us have this. Or, perhaps, most people aren't really much more than shiny robots. I will tell you one thing that has come out of it. I have started to want something more...layered. I want the miracle of multidimensional life; despite its hardships and hamburger wrappers. Maybe I'm not ready to be "not-alone", but things are looking up. I did get to inspect some homemade popcorn the other night. Have you ever seen an exploded popcorn kernel? There is not one square or pixel. Now, that's incredible stuff—almost as delightful as two dozen women coming for science.

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Money Shots

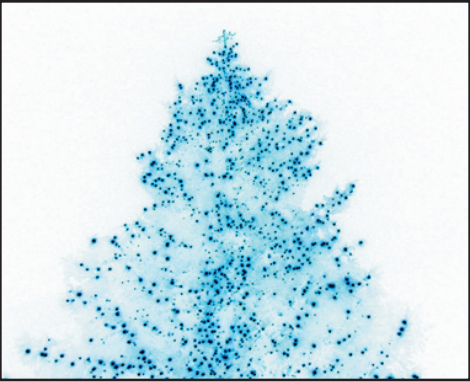
Now filling all openings in a variety of positions.

CHRISTMAS TREE

- 3 oz. gin
- 1 oz. dry vermouth
- 1 oz. lime juice or limeade

enough food coloring to make the drink turn verdant green

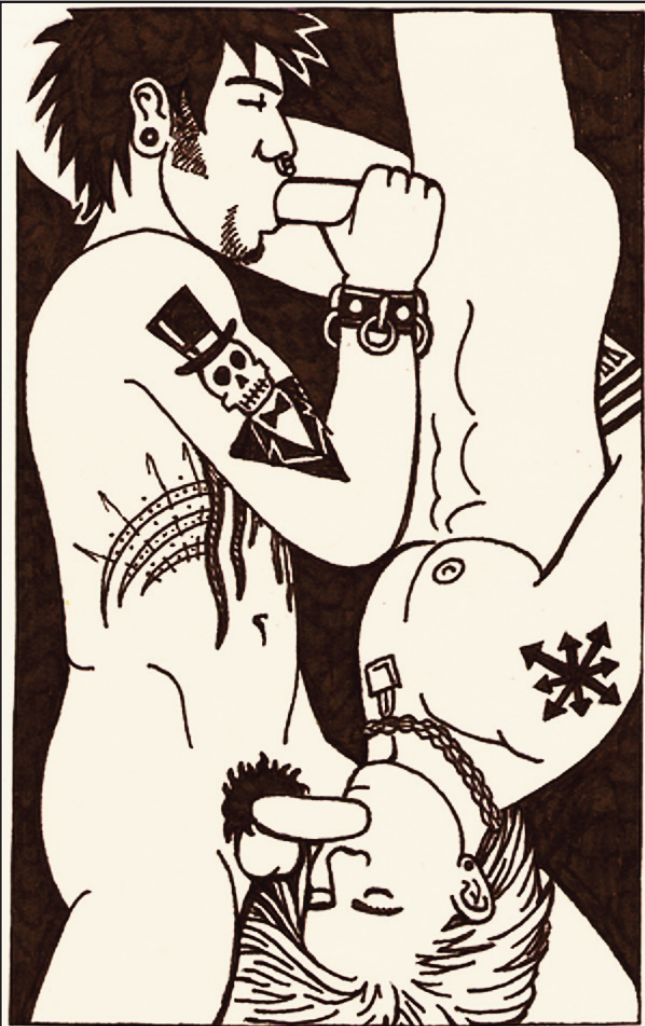
one maraschino cherry



recipe & photograph by tony le tigre

continued from page 6

Seattle. A few nights later, after a Choking Victim show at *Dos Blocos*, he shared a 40 of Midnight Dragon (cheapest malt-liquor in Manhattan) with me. Our casual con-versation ended up with us sleeping together every night for more than a week straight. That night was the first time in my life that I was ever "hit on" in a de-cent and mature manner. No games, no sleaze, no drunken "accidents"; just flat-out polite directness. The first problem was that he was a strung-out junkie; if I was with him and he was doing drugs, it meant that I was going to be doing drugs as well: instant complication. (In theory, this should be a bonus.)The second problem was that the woman he was sleeping with (until



CHAOS AND DEATH SUCK EACH OTHER DOWN  
by Damien S.

recently) lived in the room next to his. He lost interest in her, or as he put it, his doubts were confirmed. She was still trying to deal with it. I met her in Minneapolis and we got along fine. That soon changed.

The 13th Street squatters were forcibly removed from the building they lived in.

Crusty Dave died of a heroin overdose in La Plaza. At first his friends thought he was passed out so they "beer-elfed" him. While writing on his face with a Sharpie, one of them noticed he wasn't breathing. The ambulance was called. The paramedics and cops laughed at us while someone tried to resuscitate Dave - with CPR. "You guys are doing just fine," they said, as if we were boy scouts practicing on a manequin. Dave died, and his picture was featured on the cover of the next *Misery* 7".

I was amazed by how many bisexual male punks wanted to be sodomized. Especially when so many gay men consider themselves "top only" and act like taking it up the yin-yang would be too degrading for them. My theory?

Since bisexual men are usually with women, one aspect of their sexuality is taken care of. When the need overcomes them, they go to explore other regions by better-equipped means. *Comprende?*

Corey was one of those guys. I would've happily obliged him the many times he asked for it, if heroin wasn't involved. It's very difficult for me to achieve and maintain an



erection under the influence of opiates. I’m envious of the few guys I’ve met that have no problem getting hard on dope. Corey was one of those guys. When I’m high, sex is totally unnecessary. Given the choice between shooting dope and “serious sex” (as Corey called it), there’s no contest as to which I would pick. I would’ve chewed off my left pinky for an opportunity like this a month ago, but I chose to do dope instead. I thought of getting high AFTER the major session of butt-fucking requested from me, but when you’re with someone who is high all the time, the only thing you can think about is getting high yourself. Beautiful naked bodies don’t compare to needle and spoon. I guess Corey valued the affection of someone he was attracted to more than his desire to get down and dirty, since he indulged my drug use to the fullest extent possible. Most of the time (nearly all the time actually), he paid for it. Maybe he was just patient, as I was able to “get it up” for 69 action just fine. Lying down, things went smoothly. As soon as I got up on my knees, however, my tool went down. It was amusing that he suggested I have a three-way with him and a female friend of his. I’m sure he wanted to be the meat in this sandwich. More amusing was the fact that her name was Corey too-and she was also a junkie. She took us to the apartment from which her roommate hadjust ejected her, knowing he was gone. “Take anything you want, because the rest of his shit is going right out the window.”

One morning, the three of us wandered through the sidewalk flea-market in front of Serenity Squat, where Corey lived, on the way to see the dealer.

I was high the night before and got no sleep; I was worn down. Both Coreys pitched in to buy me a bag of dope, while they each got their usual three. She left for work, so we went back to the squat and up to his room to fix. As a rule, I always did half of my stuff – just to make sure it wasn’t too much. This time was no exception, but I made the mistake of doing the second shot right after the first, which didn’t get me as high as I wanted to be.

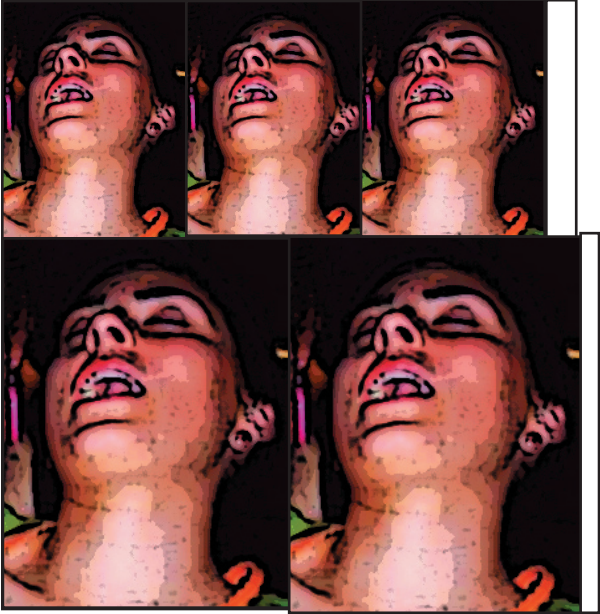
I saw the room as if underwater and the distorted image of Corey was looking down on me. He was calling to me but his voice was faint and distant. I was carried down the stairs, telling him and whoever else that I was fine, to let me down. They didn’t seem to hear me. I couldn’t seem to move. They held my head under the stream of water that was always running from the fire hydrant. I revived drowsy but conscious and noticed that the flea-market was just ending. We were sitting on his front door stoop; my head rested on his shoulder. He held me tightly but kept shaking me and saying my name really loud. An ambulance pulled up in front of us. I suddenly knew what was going on and tried to get away. Corey grabbed me and forced me to the ambulance. I pulled away and turned to run, only to find myself facing two cops, who were smiling at me. One of them said, “You’re either going with them or you’re coming with us”. “I’m going with them,” I answered. I surrendered. Corey then asked the paramedics if they could just give me a shot of adrenalin. I protested: “NO! THAT WILL RUIN MY HIGH!”

I was wheel-chaired into Beth Israel Hospital insisting I was fine. No one seemed to hear me. My demands for a cigarette were not met. I was stripped, clothed in a gown and laid (with violent threats from the nurse) onto a hospital bed, while an IV feeder of saltwater was inserted and taped in place. *I am fine. Let me go. I need a fucking cigarette.* I did tap dances in the corridor to prove how okay I was, with the plastic tube dangling from my arm. Those who “saved” me were ready to kill me. I was released an hour (two? three?) later. Once I was told the right direction, I ran back to Tompkins

# The Money Shot

by Lena Rose Felder

Twenty-four women coming: Chicks orgasmed in my face—face to face. It was in a *Wired Magazine* article (July 2005) that I saw this image, spread out Warhol-style like a bunch of Marilyns, only more true and beautiful. It was one of those moments when, suddenly, you see. Truthfully, I could’ve just glossed right over it because that’s how it is when you’re in a stupor, pressing buttons, flipping pages and being blasé. When I was a little kid, I used to draw and paint and look at the world and somehow it stopped. I was uninspired to really look at my surroundings because I had seen them all before: the Nordstroms, the Safeways and Payless Shoe Sources. A lot of manmade things are truly ugly, like a discarded half-eaten burger on the sidewalk in the rain—not to mention that monitors display all this and flatten the world into a soulless fast-paced superficiality. Where’s the depth? Women having orgasms: Faces of women at the moment of climax, captured for a scientific study sponsored by the Kinsey Institute; something to do with finding a female Viagra. But who really



cares about that? My vagina ain't that dry. What interested me was the fact that I had never seen an authentic photo of a woman coming.

At the risk of being overly self-reflective here, I will say that I have had female lovers and I am a woman. I’ve seen some porn, but not much. It never really interested me and seems to be—well—not made for women. They say that men are the ones who are visual, but I would disagree. I like to look at sex too. I like to look at my lover’s hand as it touches me. I like to imagine same-sex couples kissing. I even like to watch regular porn—with its rock-hard cocks and bouncing boobies, because it’s titillating in a way. You may think, as I did, *didn't she ever see her lovers' faces?* I had to think about that, and of course, I have. It brought up so many questions that I decided I would sketch all of those women in a heartfelt stab at getting back into my artwork and pondering the meaning of this recent blindness.

The first political question that arose was *why have I never seen this before?* Not in porno, not in *Penthouse*, not in my own bed. In porn, women aren’t really having orgasms. They may be moaning, that dildo or penis or hand or mouth probably feels good, even if it’s for money—but they’re not *actually* coming. If they’re ejaculating (as the men are), you can be sure the camera isn’t on their radiant visages. It’s on their pussies.

I found myself imagining what noises they were making. Was one going “ooh” and another going “hnnhhuh”? I tried to make my mouth into the shapes of theirs. Surprisingly, there were many lip-biters, smilers and only one with her mouth not parted. I had never really considered biting my lip while having an orgasm. I endeavored to have an orgasm like each of the women, one per sketch, channeling their pleasure through me. I wanted to sketch one per day, finishing in one month. I found myself making excuses like *I don't really feel like doing it.* I would look at each one and decide which I wanted that day. Thinking things like *she's too pretty—I have to wait 'til I'm feeling really hot to do HER.* The most unattractive girl turned out to be the best drawing. I put them into categories. There were those whose nostrils flared. I began to wonder if the eldest looked like an administrative assistant.

Of the twenty-four: blondes, Asians, girls with pierced lips listening to headsets and squeezing their eyes shut—there was not *one* African-American woman represented. Why was this? Don’t black women get to go to the college where this study took place? Maybe this category of females is too busy having sex to bother with masturbating for a lab. Not one woman had her eyes open. I don’t come with my eyes open either, but maybe I should try it once. I wondered what would happen, maybe something terrible. I would look at the ceiling and wonder why I was in a box instead of under a star-filled sky. Maybe my lover would be staring at me.

As my drawing got better, I tried to look more deeply into the photos. Despite the power of the multitude of images (on a topic I'd never



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I look them up online that I see they are a chain with locations in Texas & Maryland. A sneaky *TGI Fridays* dressed up in cloth napkins. In Portland, a town known for restaurants that serve organic food, or if not organic at least local, or if not local at least good quality. But for god’s sake not *Sysco*! So, too soon after not looking for it, the WORST DOWNTOWN PORTLAND RESTAURANT title has been filled. Stay away from *The Daily Grill*, avoid them like the plague, because Sysco is the 3<sup>rd</sup> horseman of the apocalypse.

Oh, and their drinks are overpriced too.



THE ACCIDENTAL KLEPTOMANIAC

by matthew weatherman

[The following is a snapshot: a quick write-up of one of the traumatically brain-injured individuals who live at the facility where I work as a caregiver. This is to be the first of several verbal portraits of my clients.]

It became blindingly apparent within minutes that he came from a state of mind without memories; more accurately, he existed with few of his own true memories. A mere glimpse of a suggestion, a commercial, a stray word could inspire a ramble of a story. A story filtered through a fragment of a memory that never existed. What separated him from any Freddy at Tom’s Restaurant telling tall tales over a cheap well drink was his absolute conviction. Due to his injury he lacked the capacity to distinguish seeing my dog from believing she had just been up in his apartment licking up spilled coffee from off of his left shoe. The damage to his brain left a gap between the thought & the event, the believed & the perceived.

He tucked a cigarette behind his left ear - forgetting the one already stashed behind his right ear - forgetting the smoldering one in the ashtray he’d lit a minute ago. His mind resembled an un-assembled jigsaw puzzle. This mental chaos manifests itself as a clutter of pens bulging from overstuffed pockets; an exposed belly peaking over a cinched belt under a too-small shirt; a shirt breast pocket bursting with initialed lighters, packs of cigarettes, sandwiched wads of dollar bills.

Due to rampant availability, dry erase markers predominate, though the ball point pen makes a good showing. A Swirling Font spells out his initials on most objects that pass through his steely grip. This is not because he is a thief outright; rather, he’s an accidental kleptomaniac who thinks, in his organically injured mind, “Anything finding its way into my hands must be mine. Why else would I have it?”

Square, stopping only to beg everyone I passed for a cigarette. I hadn’t expected to see Corey so soon, but there he was-across the street from the cheap beer store. It started raining. He handed me an unopened 40 of Midnight Dragon. I cracked it open and poured the first drink out for Crusty Dave. Corey remarked, “You’re lucky we aren’t pouring that for you right now.”

The main rule of squatting in New York is to NEVER shoot up heroin in the squat. I was now a pariah for violating that rule. The city can use death by overdose as an incon-testable reason to shut a squat down. After what happened with 13th Street and Crusty Dave’s recent departure from this life, tensions were strained among the squatter punks of Alphabet City. My friends were supportive, and a few rose to defend me as best as they could. Still, I was guilty of an unforgivable sin and I could tell that they were slightly embarrassed for knowing me. When someone overdosed, however, other junkies automatically wanted to know where the dope came from. And not to avoid it; since they determined that I did the same amount on a regular basis, they concluded that the dope was obviously stronger than that of the other guy’s (the hopeful mentality of a junk-ie). The guy that Corey bought the near-fatal bag from must’ve been flooded by customers the next couple of days.

Corey was kicked out of Serenity Squat. It was my fault, but there was nothing I could do to make up for it. Oddly, he stuck with me for the next week - before we both left New York. I guess he really liked me. Carlos was a Puerto Rican punk who adored Dorothea (the Queen of Serenity Squat). She was out for my blood, and as a consequence, so was he. We engaged in fist-fights a couple times on the street and I was surprised to have gotten the upper-hand in these skirmishes. This was New York after all and I was from California. Carlos rallied other punks to get together, to beat the shit out of me. To my relief, they refused. All but one of the other Serenity Squat members were ready to kill me and followed me around, waiting for their chance. When I told the other Corey about my dilemma, she responded by saying, “Poor boy,” and gave me a bag of dope! I saw Silvertooth Jeff and shared a third of my present with him. We shot up in his car and relaxed in the front seat with 40s.

Life took a lot of interesting turns. A couple weeks before, Silvertooth Jeff told me about his unexpected fortune. He was angry and depressed. Walking down the street, he saw what looked like an empty envelope on the ground and impulsively kicked it to get a little frustration out. Several twenties flew out of the envelope like confetti and onto the sidewalk. Having hit the jackpot, he bought boxes of 40s for his friends. He also offered to treat us to dinner of our choice, but heroin requests were strictly denied. Cocaine, on the other hand, was permitted and he gave me a couple lines. So I returned the favor; teasing him over the irony that I was giving him the same drug he refused to give me.

I panhandled as much as I could and bought a ticket to Philadelphia. But my problems didn’t end when I got to the “City of Brotherly Love”. I was allowed a guest room in the Stay Free Squat of West Philly, so named because most of the residents are queer women. I knew Ula from San Francisco. I met Leno the year before when passing through. I made friends with Gweed and her girlfriend Marin, a friendship that did not last long.

Marin and I were well known for having had drug problems “in the past”. People thought it was either a very good idea or a very bad idea for us to be hanging out together.





# PREGUNTA ME!

This issue: Tony le Tigre sinks his claws (pleasurably) into ridiculously talented singer and artist RORY STITT

Tony le Tigre: So Rory, music and poetry aside, what's your favorite sexual position?

Rory Stitt: My favorite sexual position is any position I happen to be in while having sex. More specifically, it's probably the "barking pilgrim" which, as I'm sure you know Tony, is where I stand like a god, and my statuesque physique is adorned with and adored by pious worshippers on their knees with panting tongues and large openings in their faithful regions.

TLT: I know. Now, is it true, as it says in some of your press materials, you're "supple and sensitive?" And what does that mean, in layman's terms?

RS: Yes, it's true. And it means I am supple, as in pliable, suggestible, and soft.

TLT: Damn! The things I've heard about you are true, you are one silver-tongued devil! (Leaning forward, in a whisper) I've been having a lot of itching "down there" lately...do you think it's scabies or something?

RS: It's probably just chafing. Try a moisturizing lube on that paw.

TLT: Why did you abandon your porn career to pursue the piano? And what do you have to say to disappointed fans of your film work?

RS: I just needed more time to really dig deep into myself and realize my fantasies. And while my largest gift and longest talents are in porn I couldn't suppress my true dreams of writing the world's first porn musical.

TLT: I'm sure I speak for everyone when I say, "That sounds extremely titillating!" Hey, do you think Clay Aiken's gay? If I get my scabies cured do you think he'll have sex with me?

RS: Clay Aiken is definitely not gay, because he sings like a pussy, and if he were gay he wouldn't be able to live with the smell of himself. And you don't want that juice all over your chafing anyway. Two words: highly acidic.

TLT: Speaking of juice, I have to ask: Spit or swallow? Or a little of both?

RS: Well, Tony, I'm always watching my girlish figure, and I used to struggle with this question. Thank God for the Atkins diet revolution. You know - low carb, high protein.

TLT: Amen! You know, Sylvia Plath once described the external male genitalia as "turkey neck and turkey gizzard." What do you think of that?

RS: I love Sylvia Plath. Until I read her work I had never encountered someone with more fatal cock obsession then myself. She set the bar higher for all of us, and I for one am not going to let her down.

TLT: Oh, me too. Although possibly my all-time favorite author is one of Plath's literary foremothers, Virginia Woolf. Even though Woolf shied away from sexuality in her writing (except Orlando, a little) I still think she's absolutely phenomenal. Speaking of not being sexual...I haven't had sex in, like, three years. Do you think there's something wrong with me?

"I'm always watching my girlish figure....Thank God for the Atkins diet revolution."

Au Contraire, Mon Frere

# GIN TASTES LIKE SHIT!

says MARJORIE SKINNER

Similar to prattle tumbling from the mouths of its abusers, debates on the virtues of liquor are useless. Anyone with a mature pallet and sufficient experience (and, as they say, an asshole) has an opinion on it, backing up their particular favorites with a host of urban legends and superstitions, pseudo-science, and that cornerstone of drunken braggart, personal experimentation.

And far be it from me to pretend any difference from the sad, gin-loving cases that share the bar, when I declare that vodka, by far, is the obvious superior to gin, its johnny-come-lately counterpart. Vodka, you see, was used as far back as the early 9th century, while gin has only been around since the 17th! And not only has vodka stood the test of time, even in modern times its desirability trumps that of gin. And can billions of stumbling drunks wielding Gibson martini cocktail onions on tiny plastic swords really be wrong? Of course! But, fuck it.

Vodka's detractors usually point to a supposed tastelessness as vodka's chief flaw. This is a bullshit swipe, simply the result of not having accustomed oneself to the fine distinctions between vodka types. Switch a Stolichnaya devotee's drink to well vodka, and they'll know it in an instant (given the assumption that said devotee is still coherent enough to sense taste). Beyond that, most serious vodka drinkers have brand preferences that are as distinct to them as they are to disciples of gin, whiskey, tequila, etc.

Competitively, vodka has the upper hand in gaining new recruits to its team, further making it the wiser horse to bet on. The malleability of this alcohol, which is successfully paired with nearly any mixer, makes it an excellent gateway to hard alcohol use in general. (Not to mention that it's remarkably agreeable to infusions of many types, including chocolate.) It's a populist's liquor, embraced by sophisticates and party drunks alike, whose experience makes no bones about the drugging effects of alcohol. Like cocaine, vodka can make the user feel powerful, invincible even. (Need it be noted that, like anything, an excess of these symptoms can be quite hazardous, and even lethal?)

In terms of image, vodka's lineage again speaks for itself. Embraced most boomerily in the West during the '60s and '70s, vodka was a hallmark of the swinging era that continues to be recycled in the dominantly hip music/fashion/culture of the present and recent past. Gin, on the other hand, (which, to its credit, mimics vodka in its clear appearance, lower concentration of impurities, and relatively conservative number of calories) is primarily associated with the swing generation. As we all know, modern attempts to resurrect this once-noble era have resulted in the Cherry Poppin' Daddies, wing-tipped creepers, and "skanking."

So while the gin drinker with time on his or her hands may content themselves (and irritate the serenity of vodka sippers around them) with the task of arguing the case of kid sister gin's superiority, it's an uphill struggle. And isn't struggle what we're all trying to escape? Isn't that why you've come to the bar, to shut out the everyday toil, to feel as though things are easy? Come, have a vodka, neat (like a French woman's face, it's as beautiful bare as it is adorned), and relax in the cradle of history's proven preference of spirit.

GIN TASTES LIKE SHIT!



# WHY GIN IS BETTER THAN VODKA

by TONY le TIGRE



Gin has fallen on hard times. I'm not cosmopolitan enough to speak for the rest of the world, but I know that here in America over the course of the last fifty years vodka has slowly edged it out as the clear liquor of choice. Martinis are made with vodka, there are vodka Collinses, and I swear the other day I heard someone order a vodka and tonic. (Now that is just absurd.) The vodka row at my local liquor store is twice as large as the gin row, and I see five people indiscriminately grasp a vodka bottle for every careful connoisseur who selects from the nobler receptacles next door. There seems to be a perception in some circles that gin is old-fashioned and no longer relevant; that Dutch Courage has been eclipsed by its slickly-packaged Russian cousin. It is with this in mind that I appeal to you - the

sensitive, alcoholic reader - to help reverse this unfortunate trend. Help me help you drink gin.

These days all anyone ever talks about is how smooth vodka is, how well it mixes with anything. Well, of course it does - it has no flavor! What's it made from - neutral grain spirits? Oh, that sounds exciting. Potatoes? I'm from the Midwest, I've had enough potatoes to last me the rest of my life, thank you. You might as well use the fact that its made from water as its selling point. Wait, did I say no flavor? My bad. On the contrary, flavored vodkas are ubiquitous nowadays. You can't swing a dead baby in this town without hitting a pyramid of those awful Absolut bottles. Supposedly flavored rums are coming up next. What's the deal? If you want to make a drink with flavor, you're supposed to put it there yourself. Flavored vodkas are to frat boys what Zima is to cheerleaders.

One paragraph of background should be enough to make you realize that gin is much cooler than vodka. Gin was invented as a medicine by a Dutch doctor in 1650, who combined juniper berries and alcohol to create what he thought was a diuretic. It really got big in England in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, to the point they had to enact some laws to regulate it because gin rummies were running rampant in the streets and women were leaving their children and husbands for the stuff. (I've heard the hardcore gin addicts of that time compared to crackheads today.) Unlike bland, tasteless vodka, gin's got flava! Besides juniper, its list of botanical ingredients can and does include lemon peel, coriander seeds, cassia bark, almond, Cubeb berries, liquorice, Orris root, pine, angelica, Seville oranges, cucumber, and rose petals. Doesn't that sound nice?

Simply put, gin is a more tasteful (in both senses of the word) spirit than vodka, which despite its respectable medieval origins has become so overexposed and degraded as to have lost its allure. Gin comes in prettier bottles. It's a gentleman's drink. (But don't let that stop you!) It doesn't deserve to play second fiddle to Smirnoff's and Stoli's. The time to act is now. Don't be a cheerleader. Drink gin!

But PORTLAND MERCURY Managing Editor MARJORIE SKINNER does not agree! ➤

RS: It depends on why you aren't having sex. Raised your standards, no. Scared to leave the house, yes. You have scabies and a basic moral code, no. Don't have time between chapters of Woolf and Plath? Yes.

TLT: Hmm. Food for thought. Anyway, back to you. What's the biggest thing you've ever had in your ass, and what were you listening to at the time?

RS: My head. And I left it there for several years. You'd be amazed how comfortable it can be. Unfortunately all I listened to at the time was the sound of my own bullshit.

TLT: Good answer! Hey, I'm receiving a transmission from Spittles the Clown. He wants me to ask you: Have you ever "done it" to one of your own records, and did it feel like incest?

RS: I never have. I think ultimately I'm scared I could never compete with the repeatable me. Can you imagine being rejected for yourself?

TLT: I'd rather not. In keeping with our general drift, my last question is shallow and trashy. If you were stranded on a desert island and could only have one hot celebrity for company to have sex with day in and day out, who would it be?

RS: Well, I beleive in the full package, so I would be required to give full body inspections to Johnny Depp, Jake Gyllenhaal, and Jude Law. Although it occurs to me I have seen every part of Ewan McGregor and I could never say "no" to that. And we all know excess leads to death. So "yes" to death-by-Ewan.



Rory, supple and sensitive, onstage in "Hedwig"

RORY STITT is a singer, musician, songwriter, composer, music director and actor . Rory was born in Juneau, Alaska, and has spent time since in California, Portland, Broadway, etc. He describes his own music as "theatre-pop for the soulful and starry-eyed." Check him out on his home page, [www.rorystitt.com](http://www.rorystitt.com)



"Skeledoodle"  
by Loner Zombie

(see more at  
[www.lonerzombie.com](http://www.lonerzombie.com))



We helped a friend (Dan) on his volunteer shift at the Needle Exchange in North Philly. While bagging up needles and bleach and cookers, Marin got directions to the best place to score from a random junkie getting his needles exchanged. I tried to talk her out of it. She offered to buy me a bag. I didn't protest too hard and she didn't have to beg. There is a tiny neighborhood street in North Philly where cars barely have enough room to drive through, although there is constant traffic driving in. Families stoop-sit while their children play on the tiny sidewalk. The row houses are three stories high but hardly wide enough to fit an overweight person through their front doors. It was like a fast-food drive-thru for junkies. As soon as you entered the block, a guy asked you what you wanted. You told him and he yelled a code to another guy halfway to the street corner. That guy took Marin's money and handed her two bags of the best heroin I have ever had.

We fooled no one back at the squat, even as we repeatedly denied our condition. I was no longer welcomed at Stay Free, and in a week I was back on the road across America. By the time I made it to Minneapolis, I was informed of Silvertooth Jeff's death. He died of a heroin overdose in New York, a few days after I had last seen him, when we shot up together in his car by Tompkins Square Park.

The End.



“Leather Valentine” by Tony le Tigre



LET'S EAT!

Dreck Food Connoisseur **MATT WEATHERMAN**  
does **THE DAILY GRILL**

(Downtown PDX)

Once upon a time, while working as a dishwasher at the Brasserie Montmartre, I came to the conclusion that it just might be the most disgusting restaurant downtown. A peculiar smell sat heavy in the basement, seeping not from the dumpster, but seeming to emanate from the stagnant puddles of congealed water behind it. The bisque was composed of icy fish pits frozen en masse, then broken up by dirty hands. I felt safer down the block at El Grillo, the excellent hole-in-the-wall Mexican joint attached to the oldest strip club in Portland, Mary's. They are dirty, but they have no illusions; they do not

pretend to be something they aren't.

Whether or not Brasserie is really as bad as I remember, it is under construction, which leaves the title of WORST DOWNTOWN PORTLAND RESTAURANT up in the air. Unwittingly, last week, I found a placeholder for the title. On the same block (Park Ave., just north of the Max line), sitting under the putrid dark cloud of stank their neighbor has left, stands The Daily Grill. In my dishwashing days, I would see the valet for this place finding parking for his well-dressed customers during my smoke breaks. I always had an idea that this restaurant was, if not five-star, at least respectable.

Last week my girlfriend & I met a friend downtown for lunch. We happened to meet just around the corner & would have just gone to an Indian food stand or even the philly-cheese-steak stand in Pioneer, except for the biting wind that rushed us inside. Originally, my impression of a posh eatery remained intact: I saw cloth napkins; they took our coats from us & served us bread & butter (usually a good sign). Our lunch companion even mentioned that it might be a bit pricey upon seeing the linen. It was only after we started asking questions that the façade crumbled. When the waiter arrived, my girlfriend inquired as to whether the shrimp were fresh or frozen. A simple 'frozen' would have done in reply, but instead our server said, "Umm...I dunno. They're probably frozen. Yeah, they're frozen, 'cause most of our stuff comes from Sysco."

Fucking Sysco. A putrid name that brings back not-so-fond memories of still-half-cold fish sticks & soggy veggies in some godforsaken cafeteria. How can they be charging \$12 for this shrimp salad when their ingredients are worthy of nothing more than being ladled onto plastic trays under a sweat-soaked hairnet? Doesn't Sysco also make toilet paper & their own brand of hand soap?

Our food arrived following a sub-par minestrone of the canned variety. The shoe-string fries from my girl's hamburger were this restaurant's only saving grace as the salad that I got was damp. Caesar traditionally is romaine lettuce, but The Daily Grill challenges the status quo by serving iceberg drenched in a pasty dressing, topped with rubbery chicken. Two bites in our waiter came to tell us he was "gonna go yell at the chefs cause they gave you a Small, not Large salad." Before I can tell him not to bother, he's whisked it away into the Sysco Systems Kitchen. Really, by this point, I've resigned myself to the fries and free bread.

The waiter comped my poorly-tossed salad & the manager even apologized. Unfortunately, even without my salad, the bill is practically astronomical. We could have fed half the homeless on Burnside philly-cheese-steaks for this price. Somehow no one has tapped into their scam yet. It's only when

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the superficial and mundane. Buff out that tarnished attitude by writing a love letter to yourself. No really, do it. I dare you.

On the 4th, Venus trines with Saturn. Current legal quagmires will unuddle. Have faith that the Universe has your back. Review your insurance. Saturn, the Celestial Taskmaster himself, goes direct on the 5th, heading back into heart of Leo. Honour the energy by letting the ego child in you out to play. Be a fantastic spectacle. The following day, Venus gets her feet wet, as she steps into Pisces. Free love, honey. Get it while it's hot. Be intimate. Share confidences. Get thine ass to Booty at Porky's tonight!

**April 8th thru the 15th**

Mars opposes Pluto on the 8th. You'll find many people operating from an aggressive and completely illogical place. If you find yourself lashing out at someone undeserving, remember the power of a quick and sincere apology. If sex is out of the question this day, do yourself a favour and go for a long run. On the ninth, Neptune and the Sun find themselves in a bizarre sextile. The weird and extraordinary are bound to disclose themselves, so embrace every anomalous whim. Venus squares with Pluto on the 13th, which serves to test our relationships. Don't make any promises you can't keep, and make sure your activities are above reproach. Tragedy may require us to be the bigger person. On the 14th, Mars moves to Cancer. Remember, the best Offense is oftentimes Defense. Be thankful for the women in your life who take care of you. Be tenacious about the deal that is just about to come thru.

**April 16th thru the 23rd**

Mercury moves into Aries and the Sun trines Pluto on the 16th. You may feel an extra pluck of cockiness today. Embrace that bravado and ask for what you want. Chances are, you'll get it. Venus is conjunct with Uranus and Mercury squares Mars on the 18th. Clear any ambiguous matters up with professors and employers. Take tea instead of coffee, as you're going to feel a little overloaded today. On the 19th, Mercury trines Saturn, which happens to be the day of the latest Sissyboy show, perfect for the challenging cerebral energy this aspect brings. The Sun moves into Taurus and Venus trines Jupiter on the 20th, which makes it a perfect day for checking in with your lovers. It's time to decide precisely where you stand with one another. Have a cool discussion in the open air. You'll feel ready to take on the world afterwards, I promise.

**April 23rd thru the 31st**

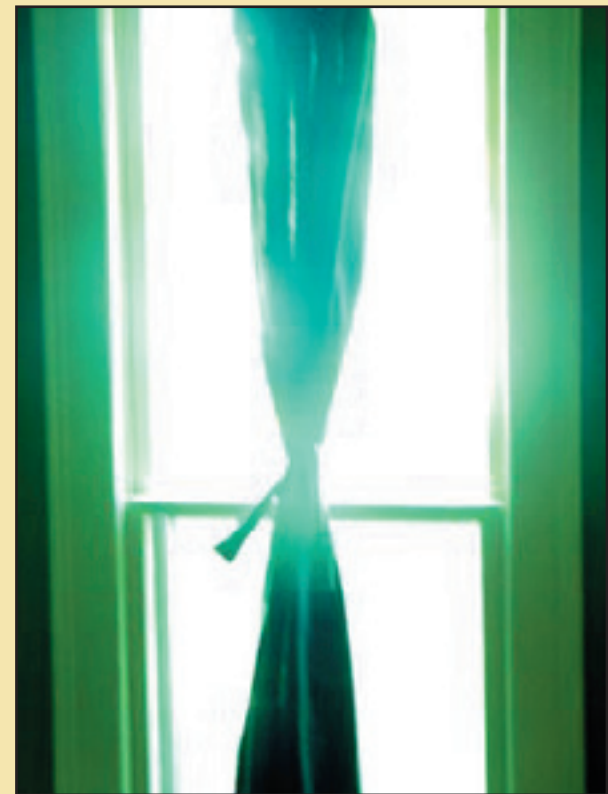
The New Moon on the 27th makes for a day to laugh at any impossibilities. Your mood will manifest the day, so try to stay on the sunny side of the street. A sextile occurs between Mercury and Neptune, along with one between the Sun and Mars on the 29th. Take nothing for face value. Be inquisitive and notice the minute details. Make bold moves towards future goals today, as the air is ripe with fiery momentum. On the 30th, Venus squares Pluto. Don't be offended if those close to you question your sincerity. Remember that actions do indeed speak louder than words.

In **May**, Mercury jumps ship twice, moving into Taurus on the 6th and then to his home Gemini on the 20th. Venus also comes home from Aries (where she moves on the 4th) to Taurus on the 30th. Smooth sailing thru the 7th, but watch out for the 8th, which is riddled with major trines and squares. On that day, I would expect the unexpected, and don't take the stability of any of your relationships for granted. Be careful that your heart is in the right place on the 11th. Maybe don't press send on that nasty e-mail, and rest on your anger a little bit. Towards the end of the month, communication issues should clear up. All in all, it's a time to be courteous, thoughtful, and grateful for what you have. Light the Beltane fires within yourself, and learn to love on a much deeper level.

I hope that helped. Real quick like, I'll tip my hat to Jeffery Wells for his assistance.

Brightest blessings to you all, and keep dreaming! Feel free to send any inquiries or hate-mail to

[saintcaedmon@yahoo.com](mailto:saintcaedmon@yahoo.com)



“front window” lukia costello

# OVERRATED / UNDERRATED

TV / UNDERRATED

Now, I know what you hipster liberals are thinking. “But Sophie, TV is the idiot box and there’s nothing worthwhile to watch besides the Simpsons and Arrested Development (and that show got canceled).” And I would say to you, listen up. At the end of a long, stressful day, there’s nothing I love more (well maybe a couple of things...) than coming home and turning on the boob tube because my brain can shut off and relax. You’re right, you don’t need to think to watch television, but that’s precisely what I love about it. I mean, come on...The OC! Fabulous show about snotty little rich kids who even when forced to move into a trailer park manage to come up with thousands of dollars to spend on designer threads. Fantastic! Oh, I know, Bones or CSI, crime dramas such as Law & Order...Splendid! And there are reruns of Sex & the City on every weeknight. Can you honestly say I haven’t convinced you?

Sophie Bennett

BEING FRIENDS WITH PEOPLE YOU'RE REALLY NOT TOO FOND OF / OVERRATED

This is more of a personal pet peeve than anything else. How many times have you just finished hanging out with good friends AND some other person who you kind of dislike, then the disliked person leaves and someone says, “—Fill-in-blank— is such a bitch and only talks about herself etc. etc....But I love her anyway.” What is that? Why do people find it necessary to hang with people they know are crappy? What exactly is there to “love” in a person like that? This is an issue that has bothered and puzzled me since high school (you know, when you had “fake friends” who were really just acquaintances who maybe had good pot or a fake I.D. to buy booze, etcetera). I found out the hard way a long time ago that when you give and give in a relationship and all the other person does is take, it’s time to say “Ciao” to that person and let them deal with their own bullshit. There is no need to waste time, effort, love, trust, and respect on someone who will NEVER return the favor.

S.B.

THE ROXY and OTHER HIPSTERRISH FOOD JOINTS / OVERRATED

I don’t like paying for bitchy service. Why bother leaving my house in that case? When I go out to eat somewhere I’m nice to the waitstaff (I know not to fuck with the people who deal with my food) and in turn I expect respectable service. I have enough stress in my life that I don’t need to feel like I might be bitch-slapped by a waiter if I ask for something they don’t have. However, I do appreciate late-night food service which brings me to my next point. S.B.

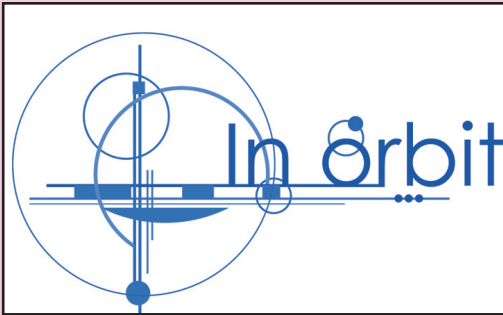
LATE NIGHT DINING / UNDERRATED

I love to eat late at night. There’s nothing better. Unfortunately, Portland does not have an overwhelming abundance of late-night eateries (here I do not include fast food chains of which there are a plethora). The thing is when I eat late at night I like to eat good food. It doesn’t have to be fancy pants or anything, but if I eat fast food every night I will balloon out like a...well, like a balloon. But anyway, some establishments offer late night goodies that are wonderful: The Doug Fir par example, The Hotcake House, Holman’s, Beulahland (an underrated bar), etc. However, the Doug Fir is a little on the pricey side, and at the Hot Cake House if you show up after 1am it’s crowded and you have to pay a cover charge (I have nothing bad to say about Beulahland or Holman’s, they’re both fabulous). I just wish some sort of balance could be struck whereby one would be able to garner good food late at night for a reasonable price without too much brainstorming about where to go. S.B.

ART MEDIA (902 SW Yamhill) / OVERRATED (and overpriced)

Plenty of people have warned me that this store is overpriced. And there’s no doubt about that. Just the other day I priced a can of gold Super Metal brand spraypaint there at \$7.00. I happen to know you can hop over to the east side and get the exact same can for \$5 at Miller Point on Southeast Grand. That’s a pretty considerable markup. I guess that’s what happens when you have a virtual monopoly on art supplies in the downtown area. (I’m not counting Utrecht ‘cause that’s the Pearl, babies!) But it isn’t just the prices that have me seeing stars: I’ve had a couple less-than-stellar experiences with the “customer service representatives,” who seem more intent on chatting en masse about their personal lives than paying attention to any customers in need of assistance, as well. The other day I had to practically fire off a flare to get some service, and then when she finally did come up to help me cut a piece of matboard, she was grumpy about it - like, couldn’t I just have waited for her to finish her anecdote? Yeah, NO. Tony le Tigre





## with SAINT CAEDMON

Hello there gorgeous Stumptowners! The Sainted One has prepared for you a guide to the Celestial dances for the next quarter of the year. Aren't you just titillated?

Mid-March starts off this way:

Sun in Pisces - Moon in Virgo - Mercury retrograde in Pisces - Venus in Aquarius - Mars in Gemini - Jupiter retrograde in Scorpio - Saturn retrograde in Leo - Uranus in Pisces - Neptune in Aquarius - Pluto in Sagittarius

Now let's see how you can use that information to your advantage:|

### Saturday, March 18th

Two squares come into play today with our Lady Moon involving Saturn and Venus. Scandalous! Responsibilities may be a little frightening today. There is a rebellious spirit in the air. Should you feel the need to invoke the zeitgeist, remember to enlist the support of a loyal friend. Have you cleaned out your voicemail lately? The Moon also finds time to form a trine with Uranus. Profound truths can be come out of mundane conversations. Listen closely, and armor yourself with a dash of glitter.

### Sunday, March 19th

Squares today form between Mercury and Mars, avec the Moon and Neptune. You should be able to muster the excess energy for the arduous tasks ahead today. Insensitive jerks abound, but keep your cool. A sharp tongue or a boastful one could get you in trouble today. Get all the facts and try to keep a clear perspective on the predicaments you are presented with, rather than merely "adjusting" your reality to a comfortable level. Mercury also gets his trine on with the Moon. Accept your experiences as ways to enrich your consciousness. Be flexible with a needy friend. Get out tonight.

### Monday, March 20th

The Moon moves into Sagittarius today, forming a trine with Saturn. A good day to pull out old notes from college, read back over your LiveJournal or call up a friend you may have lost touch with. This afternoon, a lovely trine forms between the Sun and Moon as Our Star moves into Aries. You're going to need to do something productive with all that whimsical energy, so I suggest a brisk walk thru Laurelhurst with the one who makes you laugh the most. Any booty you get tonight will shake the earth, and believe me, you'll have options.

### Tuesday, March 21st

The Moon gets down and dirty today, squaring both Uranus and Mercury, whilst opposing Mars. During her "Post" tour, the pixie chanteuse Bjork did not use her voice until she was onstage, opting to communicate thru written notes instead. Maybe you don't need to get as Icelandic (I'm now offering this up as a synonym for anything eccentric or extreme) about it today, but choosing creative ways to get your point across is a fantastic idea. Friendlier sextiles are also formed between Venus and Neptune. Cheer that sourpuss by getting dolled up. I know you aren't heading over to the opening of "Cats" tonight, so why don't you catch Atlanta's "Sevendust" at the Roseland instead? What better way to vent those homicidal fantasies about your boss than thrashing about whilst looking fierce in the mosh pit?

### Wednesday, March 22nd

Today, the Dancing Lady Moon is conjunct with Pluto. At around midnight, she is Void of Course. What does that mean? I'm so glad you asked. Any project you decide to start today, won't pan out. So don't get yourself into any major endeavors, sign contracts, or what have you. Conversely, if you find yourself in any trouble today, it will blow over. Resolve tensions with roommates by leaving silly notes and reminding them how much you really do care. Don't let envy cloud your judgment. An important face from the past reappears. The word of the day kids is "evaluation." Scream out loud what you really really want!

### Thursday, March 23rd

Lunar sextiles. That's all I got for you today, folks. The receiving ends being Uranus, Mercury and Jupiter. It's in your best interest to be sensitive to those around you. Notice the subtle clues to the moods of your friends. "Is that a new hat? Girl, you look stellar! That boy was insane not to call you back!" If tears well up, remember how much you've grown in the past two years. Blog about how you got here. Start making travel plans for the summer.

### Friday, March 24th

Late tonight, the Moon moves into Aquarius. Call Mom or Grandma. Invoke the Puck in you, by debating with strangers, encouraging spontaneity and seeking out general mischief. It's a fantastic night for a long drive with good friends.

### Saturday, March 25th

Lunar aspects for today include a sextile with the Sun and a little opposition with Saturn. Tsk tsk. Saturn is also involved in one of the two major trines today with the Sun; the other being a trine between Mars and Neptune. Mercury squares with Jupiter, and maybe more importantly, Mr. Winged Shoes goes direct after three weeks of running backwards. Huzzah for a breather! It is now safe once again to send an e-mail without your words being taken \*way\* out of context. Schedule a visit with an elder you admire, they have some important advice for you. Stand up for the underdog. You know the ground you're on is solid, and your frustration is righteous from every angle. Do not be afraid to speak your truth. Combat a prevailing pessimism with subtleties, like wearing bergamot oil or taking in some extra vitamin C.

### Sunday, March 26th

Another big day for the Moon, who squares it up with Jupiter, yet trines with the Red Planet. She also advances into a sextile with Pluto and a hot three-way conjunction with Venus and Neptune. Later tonight, she makes a leap into the watery sign of Pisces. Be careful not to jump to conclusions, or over react emotionally to circumstances that can be resolved with careful logic. Most likely he didn't mean it like that, okay gorgeous? Nurture that creative spark by making a collage of old photos or redecorating. Maybe the cabana (read: lavatory) could use a little sprucing up? Dialogue with your monsters. Children have an amazing perspective you could use today.

### Monday, March 27th

The sexy planets of Venus and Mars form a tantalizing trine today. The Moon also gets in some provocative action in the form of conjunctions with Uranus and Mercury. Journal your dreams from last night. In fact, if you haven't already started a dream journal, today is perfect for just that. Getting creative in the bedroom can awaken latent potential in other areas of your life. The world responds favorably to your wackiness. Weird it up downtown with a prodigious posse. Pay Madame Bouffant a visit or pick your self up some vintage threads to give you that boost of confidence you've been craving lately.

### Tuesday, March 28th

Two Lunar squares today involving aggressive planets Mars and Pluto. The trine she forms with Jupiter ought to lighten some of that up a bit. Later tonight, the Moon jumps into Aries. For you witchy folk, this is a good night to do some manifesting. Focus on the obstacles between you and the place you want to be. What is keeping your dreams from the flesh? Light candles and imagine that fire burning up the paper-thin worries in your heart. The ghosts walking thru your life right now only want to remind you not to fall into the same old traps. Tho you may feel vulnerable, you are actually stronger now than you have ever been.

### Wednesday, March 29th

The Moon trines Saturn and finds herself conjunct with the Sun. The transformational planet of Pluto goes retrograde today; the effects of which will last until early September. Focus focus focus. If you have a paper due, ignore the glamorous parties you've been invited to; there will be many more, sweet things. Balance your checkbook and make sure you're current on your bills. Take a peek at your natal chart to see what transits and progressions Pluto effects in your life. Remember that Hades is not only the Death God, but also the Lord of precious stones and metals hidden deep within the Earth. During this retrograde, the unnecessary will be purged to bring the raw and brilliant to the surface. You'll find fair-weather friends will fade into obscurity, jobs you never wanted in the first place will be lost, and bad habits that no longer serve you will be broken (one way or another). Prepare yourself. Write down a list of things you aim to accomplish this year and hang it next to a mirror.

### Thursday, March 30th

Lunar sextiles abound today, with the Seaman Neptune, the Sex Goddess Venus and Warmonger Mars involved. A trine between the Moon and Pluto also forms as she moves into Taurus later this evening. The Moon's exalted position encourages us to own up to our emotional potential. Use your imagination to express your admiration and gratitude towards those who inspire you. Gifts for lovers and close friends make a world of difference. Okay, lovely ones, just because breaking this whole thing down day by day is a bit of a bitch, I'm going to give you April week to week. If you have a problem with that, I suggest you learn to interpret planetary aspects your damn self, bitch! There's an excellent ephemeris on Khaldea.com. Jack into the Matrix and check it out.

### April Fool's Day thru the 7th

I once had a dream about Aphrodite, where I met her at a house party. I had left to get some air, and walked to a nearby cliff to enjoy the view of an enormous full moon. She approached me in white Gucci shades and a snowy fro wig with a blinged out Female Symbol about her neck. She sat down next to me and said in the voice of Grace Jones: "Everything is going to be just groovy, Caedmon. Just ride the wave, Sugar Thing." I offer this incarnation of the Lady of Love up for you for the month of April. She slides into a sextile with Pluto on the 2nd, which can make one impatient with